



Andrew Jackson, Seventh President.

THE ancestors of General JACKSON were Scotch Presbyterians; but they emigrated in the early part of the seventeenth century to Ireland, whence a branch of the family emigrated to America in 1765, and settled at Waxhaw, in South Carolina, where Andrew Jackson was born, March 15, 1767,

and his father died a few months afterward. When he was nine years old, the war of the Revolution commenced; and the natural bent of his genius soon manifested itself. In 1780, being then but little more than thirteen years of age, he joined a corps of volunteers attached to General Sumpter's brigade. In 1781 he

was taken prisoner, and subjected to many hardships and indignities. His mother soon after died.

Thus left alone in the world, Andrew, in his eighteenth year, commenced the study of the law, in 1784, and in about two years received a license. He was appointed Solicitor of the Western District of North Carolina, (including what is now Tennessee,) and in 1788 he crossed the mountains to take up his abode there. Settled at Jonesborough, he was frequently under arms to repel the attacks of the Indians, and went on several regular expeditions against them. By his gallantry on these occasions he made himself greatly feared by the Indians, who gave him the sobriquets of "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow," and at the same time became very popular with the settlers.

Mr. Jackson finally located at Nashville, and was married to Mrs. Rachel Robards in 1791.

In 1795 he was chosen a delegate for forming a State Constitution. The new State of Tennessee was admitted to the Union in 1796, and Jackson was elected its first representative in Congress. The next March he was elected to the United States Senate, where he remained a year, and then resigned.

Soon after his resignation as United States Senator, Mr. Jackson was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, which office he filled till 1804.

In 1812, upon the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, Jackson, at the head of the militia of Tennessee, achieved several brilliant victories over the Indians and completely vanquished them.

In 1814, Jackson was appointed a Major General in the United States Army.

In November, 1814, General Jackson, at the head of three thousand men, on their way to Mobile, captured the city of Pensacola, then a Spanish port whose governor had violated his neutrality by harboring a British fleet and army. He then proceeded to New Orleans, where he arrived on the 1st of December, 1814. It was generally believed that a large British force was in motion, destined to the capture of this important city; and the General made every preparation which his limited means allowed, for its defense — among other things, suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, and declaring the city under martial law. The British force made its appearance early in December, and on the 22d the first engagement took place, nine miles below the city. On the 28th, the Americans having retired to their intrenchments, four miles below New Orleans, the British commenced a brisk cannonading, which continued without success till the 1st of January. On the 8th, General Packenham, with the entire British army, numbering twelve thousand men, advanced upon the city, encountering the Americans, about six thousand strong, intrenched behind their cotton bales. The result of this extraordinary conflict is well known. General Packenham was slain, with twenty-five hundred of his men, while the loss of the Americans was only thirteen. On the 18th the British hastily retired to their ships, and the war was over. On the 22d Jackson entered the city with his victorious army, and was received with the most enthusiastic manifestations of public gratitude.

In 1818, General Jackson again found himself engaged in fighting with the Indians on our southern frontier.

Upon the close of the Florida campaign, General Jackson resigned his commission in the army and returned to Nashville. In 1821 he was appointed Governor of Florida, but resigned in 1822, to receive the nomination for President. The next year he was sent to the United States Senate, and in 1828 he was elected President by a large majority. In 1832 he was again elected, and at the close of his second term retired to his beautiful seat, "the Hermitage," on the Cumberland river, near Nashville, where he died on the 8th of June, 1845, aged seventy-eight years.

An Incident.

OUR readers will remember that the steamer Henry Clay was consumed by fire a few weeks since, on the Hudson river, not far from the city of New York. A passenger who was on board at the time, related the following incident, which is worthy a place in the memory of every boy and girl in the country.

"He had been on the bow of the vessel, and was one of the first to escape. Upon reaching the shore he counted twenty-three persons who sank to rise no more. He sickened at the sight, and was just turning to leave the spot, when he saw a little boy, only seven years of age, emerge from the smoke and flame on the after part of the promenade deck, kneel down and clasp his hands as if in prayer. He remained in this attitude but for a moment, and then leaped into the water. Our informant watched the little fellow as he went under water, expecting not to see him rise again. Presently the young hero

rose to the surface, brushed aside his auburn curls, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached in a short time. Upon landing, he sat down upon the bank, exclaiming: 'O, these poor people! I wish I could save them!' and then burst into tears at the scene of suffering and death before him. What a noble heart was in that boy, who so young, could not only ask deliverance from his Heavenly Father, but feel for the sufferings of others. Does it not also speak volumes in praise of the mother of that boy."

Microscopes.

UPON examining the edge of the sharpest razor with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without a flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk-worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or the bodies of insects are found to be the accurate circle.—How magnificent are the works of the Almighty!

To acknowledge a fault is never disreputable, to deny or conceal it is never reputable.

Truman Lane;

AND ALL ABOUT WHAT HE WANTED TO BE, AND HOW WELL HE SUCCEEDED IN BEING SO.

MOTHER, may I go and be a hermit?" asked TRUMAN LANE, one afternoon, as his mother sat by the window sewing.

"May you do what!" inquired Mrs. LANE, not a little surprised, either by the novelty or the suddenness of the question.

"Why, go and be a hermit."

"A hermit?"

"Yes, mother, a hermit: you know what a hermit is, do you not?"

"Certainly, I suppose I know what a hermit is, though, really, I am somewhat puzzled to imagine why you could wish to be a hermit."

"O I think it would be so nice."

"Why, what is there so nice about it, Truman? Are you tired of living with your mother, and having her to watch over and care for you?"

"O no! that is not it, but — well, I only just want to go and be a hermit, that is all."

"Perhaps, then, you have taken a dislike to your sisters, whom you always loved so well."

"No that is not the reason, for I love them dearly."

"You may have become impatient with some of your companions, then."

"No, mother, that is not the reason, either."

"And yet, you think you would be glad to go off, all alone, where you would see none of us, from one year's end to another."

"Why, not exactly that, mother, because I should not go so far but that I might see you once in a while, nor so far

that you could not come and see me, if you chose."

"Why, then, do you wish to be a hermit?"

"I want to be a hermit, because — O — well — why, because I want to be a hermit, that is all. It would be so nice!"

"It would be so nice!" ah yes! "so nice!" and this is all the reason Truman Lane could give, or would give, for wishing to be a hermit. "It would be so nice!"

But Truman really had other reasons than that, only, from shame, or some other motive, he durst not give them; and yet, considering that he was a boy of not more than ten or twelve years of age, they were quite natural, and not *very* wicked reasons.

Truman Lane, however, as, perhaps, I ought to have told you, was decidedly an intelligent and very good sort of a boy; somewhat mischievous, and even naughty, at times; but, as a general thing, considered by his friends as rather a model, than otherwise, for obedience, studiousness, and good behavior. Yet, there were many points, in which he might have improved; and, to speak plainly about it, in reference to which he really needed some pretty severe lessons; and among them was, a great tendency he had for building "air castles," as they are called.

Perhaps there are some of my young readers who do not know exactly, what is meant by "air castles," and, for their sakes, I will explain the term, thus: — when a boy is indulging himself in fanciful plans and anticipations of the great things he means to accomplish or enjoy, without

any good reason to suppose he can ever accomplish or enjoy them, and which plans and anticipations are, withal, rather flighty and whimsical, it may be, in their character, then he is engaged in what is called building "air castles," and those fanciful plans and anticipations are the "air castles," and called so because they are without foundation, and are unstable. Not that there is any harm in laying plans, or in the pleasure that the anticipation of future enjoyment gives, provided the plans are for good purposes, and the enjoyments attainable and proper, for this is right; but, to be spending the half of one's time in mere whims and fancies, and saying "I will do this, or that," with no good reason to suppose it will ever be done, or that if it were, it would be worth the doing, is one of the most injurious habits the mind can form, and one that should be avoided by the young. Yes, dear reader, whoever you are, strive, as long as you live, among the rest of your habits, to contract that of building up your plans and hopes on the sure foundations of goodness and reason. Build no "air castles."

Well, (to return once more to our story,) Truman was rather too much in the habit of building "air castles," such as I have told you about, and therefore it was that he needed somewhat to impress upon his mind the folly of such idle imaginations, and no one knew this better than Mrs. Lane; and so, thinking it would be an excellent opportunity for her son, whom she deeply loved, to take a practical lesson from experience, that might, in after life, be useful to him, she decided, much to his satisfaction, to let him go and be a hermit to his heart's content; and the next

morning was fixed upon as the time when, bidding farewell to the comforts and temptations of a snug home, he should plunge into the untried seclusions of a small patch of wilderness which rustled not far from the house, and which seemed about as boundless and solemn, as so small a patch of wilderness well could be, and, indeed, pretty nicely adapted, in point of extent, to the retiring enterprise of so young a boy.

Mrs. Lane, and her two daughters, the one older and the other younger than Truman, busied themselves, the remainder of the afternoon, in arranging his wardrobe, and such other necessities, as, according with their ideas of hermit life, would be most to his liking.

One might suppose that there would be not a little rallying and tittering during the progress of these operations, yet this was far from being the case, for, feeling that the step they were taking might be of lasting consequence to her son, Mrs. Lane had given her daughters such instructions that every thing was done in the most serious and earnest manner possible; so that one would really have thought, judging from their manner, that they were expecting that the next time, if ever, they would look upon their dear Truman, it would be to behold him a silver-haired old man, with a beard of seventy winters flowing over his aged breast. And, to heighten the effect, she had so managed that two or three of her nearest friends, in whom she could place confidence, dropped in during the course of the evening, whom she told of the proposed expedition of Truman, and from whom he received such congratulations and advice as the occasion seemed to require

And when I say that all this was done with seriousness, I do not mean that there was any thing like gloominess about it, for every one was as cheerful as was consistent with the magnitude of the undertaking: but then, there was no laughing and joking, as though it were all a mere whim.

Truman was happy enough, and had visions of all sorts of hermit enjoyments dancing before his imagination, for the rest of the day.

Having made up his bundle, and arranged his matters all to his mind, he retired, at an early hour, to his bed; but so flushed by excitement, that it was long before he could coax the first nod of a doze to his wakeful eyes; and many and many were the plans, for one thing and another, with which his brain was teeming, having reference to the new mode of life he was about to enter upon; and, in them all, I have not the least doubt he was as happy as a full score of Robinson Crusoes. I presume, by the way, that he would have chosen, decidedly, to have made the good old Crusoe, palm-leaf umbrella, goat, and all, his model, in retirement, could he have got possession of some dapper little Island, in the midst of the sea, for an abode; but as there was nothing, within a dozen or two of miles, that much more nearly resembled a sea than the goose pond below the barn, and as that was rather thinly inhabited with Islands, and they rather limited in their proportions, he, very philosophically (and hermits are said to have a somewhat philosophical turn of mind,) concluded to risk his fortunes in the aforesaid wilderness.

Busy as he was with his planning, Truman, at last, dropped asleep. What he

dreamed about, while sleeping, I have never learned, and, therefore, will not venture to say; but the first peep of dawn which lit upon his eyelids, popped them open as though they had been mere bubbles placed each side of his nose, and, I will assure you that, once open, there was no more closing them again; and his were among the first footsteps that resounded upon the hall-stairs that morning. I hardly think he had been up so early for a month before, and, no doubt, it did him good; especially as the morning was unusually bright and promising.

In view of the nearness of his departure he was released from his accustomed task of errands and chores for the morning, so that he had full time to perfect his little arrangements before he was called to breakfast, which, in truth, he might almost as well not have been called to, for his anticipations were so glowing, that his appetite for the luxuries of social life was pretty well used up. Pork and potatoes had lost their charms for Truman. Bread and butter, and cakes, were now vanities which the future recluse had become thoroughly weaned from. Indeed, I could not vouch that even a lusty pudding, crammed full of plums and raisins, could have tumbled itself into his favor, at this particular time, so feeble had his attention to the ordinary demands of his stomach, grown. A half a dozen attempts at mouthfuls, and his chair was set back. It was obvious that he was no longer Truman Lane, but Truman the hermit.

Well, breakfast being over, and the household matters being put in proper order for the morning, Truman took up his bundle and set out, his mother and sisters bearing him company for a short

distance, to the edge of the wood, where they took a very affectionate leave: they to return to their now desolate home, and he to try his fortune with solitude.

Truman thought he never knew what happiness was before. The morning was as pleasant as his heart could have desired. The birds were never more musical, and he felt that now he was his own master, and free to enjoy it all in his own way. He was a man, he thought to himself; and his own man, too; the "monarch of all he surveyed," and he went on his way rejoicing.

I cannot say that Mrs. Lane felt quite so happy. In truth, she had some few misgivings, lest some accident might befall her darling boy; but, trusting in providence that all would be for the best, and raising an earnest prayer on his behalf, she resigned herself to the result of the experiment.

Truman's first care, as was quite natural, was, to find a proper place for his abode; for even hermits need a place to live in. As he had been through the wood before, he was not entirely unfamiliar with its localities; and he had some recollection of a spot which he thought would answer his purpose very well; and toward it he bent his steps. It was a sort of recess, like an entrance to a cave, on the rocky side of a hill which rose from the bosom of the forest, and sufficiently near to overlook the wood which spread around it; and from whence a pleasant prospect could be had of the surrounding country; so that, in those respects, the place was quite to Truman's mind, and he took possession accordingly.

As nature had, probably, never anticipated such a thing as that a hermit would

ever seek an abode in that particular place, or for some other reason, she had not made the most liberal provision for the in-door comfort, whatever she had done for the out-door entertainment, of so venerable a personage as he who was now about to become her worshiper. No wonder, therefore, the cave, such as it was, was not quite deep enough, and its floor uneven, and strewn with rubbish. Truman, however, was, by no means, disheartened, but went boldly to work, and, as is always the case, when there is a will, he found a way of overcoming obstacles which, under other circumstances, he would have thought almost insurmountable. And, if you will take notice, you will see, often, that people will accomplish feats, under the excitement of recreation, which, had they been suggested in the way of labor, would have been certain to call forth the unmanly phrase "I can't."

The middle of the day had come and passed, sometime before Truman succeeded in placing his cave in any thing like proper order; yet the time had sped so pleasantly along, that he had scarcely thought of that.

Finding that he had now got things pretty well arranged, Truman sat down on a little seat he had prepared, just at the entrance of his abode, which was nicely overshadowed by intertwining boughs, and began to contemplate, for this is commonly understood to be a great part of a hermit's business. And, first, he contemplated on the beauty of the landscape spread out before him, and beautiful enough it was; and then he contemplated on the wonderful "patness" of his new abode, and the fine times he should have, all by himself, growing old and wise, as he

had no doubt he should; and then, as the current of his contemplations moved along, he thought of his sisters, and how pleasant *it would* be, after all, to have them come and help him to enjoy his home; and next, his mother was the theme, and so intensely were his thoughts engaged with her, that he almost fancied she was standing there before him, her face beaming with smiles and love; and all so witching were her looks that Truman began to think he would be glad to see her, and made an involuntary start, as if to rise. Ah! he was a little homesick now; and his stomach, which had been so slighted in the morning, took quick advantage of this, its earliest opportunity, and made sad moans against the unmerited neglect with which it had been treated. In short, Truman found, all of a sudden, that he was tired, homesick, and hungry. And what was to be done? He had brought no dinner, for he had not thought of it; and, to come to the point, he could not possibly stay there all night, and he had not thought of that; and to sum it all up, he found that there were a great many things which had been overlooked, or only looked upon as trifles, which now rose up before his mind in the unpleasant guise of scowling, and vastly important realities. He now saw that he had suffered his imagination to cheat and mislead him by a mere phantom which was fast dissolving under the fiery trial of experience; and all because he had given himself over to the promptings of feeling and impulse rather than to the guidance of common sense and reason. He had not counted the cost.

Truman was so overwhelmed by this flood of reflections that he could stand it

no longer, and he decided to start for home; and just as he had made the decision, he found it suddenly getting dark, not because the sun was set, but because it was obscured by the black cloud of a rising storm, which he saw would be upon him before he could reach his home. He had no alternative but to commit himself to the protecting shelter of his cave, and in he crept, dispirited enough.

Along came the storm; wind, darkness, and thunder; making such a din of confusion that Truman thought the world was nearly to an end. Now he was a hermit indeed, made fast against his will.

At first he thought himself quite lucky in the choice of his shelter, but, "alas for worldly hopes!" he soon found his confidence in that, too, shaken, for presently, he heard the water, drip, drip, through the roof, and felt it, too, so that by the time the storm had passed he was far from dry, to say the least. Poor Truman! what would he not have given now, for a snug seat beside his mother's hearth, where all was comfort and cheerfulness. He would have given all the air castles he ever made, I am sure, by the tears he shed, for he was grieved enough.

As you might expect, no sooner was there a clear sky over his head than he repacked his bundle as well as his temper and haste would permit, and bidding farewell to hermit life, turned homeward.

It was sundown ere he arrived in sight of his mother's house; and, so worn out was he with disappointment, he longed to go and throw himself into his mother's arms, and acknowledge his folly; but, so deep was the shame he felt, he dared not present himself in her presence, but stole round to a back way, and, slipping

silently up to his room, crawled, hungry and weary, into bed.

It had been an anxious day for Mrs. Lane, who had watched with deep solicitude to see her son return in safety to his home. And during the continuance of the storm her apprehensions were most painful; and most earnest was her gratitude, when, at last, unperceived by him, she saw him come safe back, and heard him softly seek his room. It was by the greatest effort that she could refrain from running after and embracing him; but, summoning her resolution, (and she was as resolute as affectionate) she restrained the promptings of her heart, and left him to his own reflections.

As soon as she had good reason to believe he was sound asleep, she went, gently, to his room, and seeing that, though hungry and weary, as he must have been, his slumber and breathing showed that, otherwise, all was well, she left him for the night. In the morning, ere he was awake, she did the same again, and all her fears were dissipated.

The family had sat down to breakfast before Truman, so great was his mortification, dared to make his appearance; nor was his mortification much allayed by the reception, or, rather, non-reception he met with. His mother and sisters were enjoying themselves right heartily with one of the nicest breakfasts they had had for many a day; but not one asked him to take a seat, or even manifested any knowledge that he was in the room; and, to crown it all, his own seat at the table was very comfortably occupied by his younger sister. There was no place for him! for why should there be? he had gone to be a hermit, and of course this was not his home!

This was the "unkindest cut of all," and, overcome by the desolateness of his bursting heart, he fell, sobbing, upon his mother's neck.

I need not tell you more; you can easily guess the rest. Neither Truman's mother or his sisters ever made an unpleasant allusion to the events I have related. They saw that the lesson had been a profitable one, and were rejoiced.

I do not wish you to understand that Truman *never* after built "air castles," but he certainly grew wiser in that respect, and became, in time, a considerate and useful man.

Get up before the Sun.

Get up before the sun, my lads,

Get up before the sun!

This snoozing in a feather bed

Is what should not be done.

Between sunrise and breakfast, lads,

Rise, breathe the morning air,

'T will make you look so bright, my lads—

'T will make you look so fair.

Get up before the sun, my lads—

Shake off your sloth—arouse—

You lose the greatest luxury

That life has, if you drowse

Between sunrise and breakfast, lads;

Arise, then, do not lose

The key to health and happiness,

By lying in a snooze.

Get up before the sun, my lads,

And in the garden, hoe,

Or feed the pigs, or milk the cows,

Or take the scythe and mow;

'T will give you buoyant spirits, lads,

Give vigor to your frame—

Then rise before the sun, my lads,

And these rich blessings claim.

[Selected.]



Birds in Autumn.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language, was hoarse to hear,
And the glittering garland, of brown and red,
Which he wreath'd for awhile, round the forest's head,
In sudden anger he rent away
And all was cheerless, and bare, and gray.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider, that weaver, of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up, in a ball, to sleep,
And the cricket his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon voices were heard, at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight, to a warmer clime,
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-wing'd jay,
And his gray spouse sang from a rocking spray
"I am tir'd to death of this hum-drum tree,
I'll go, if 'tis only this world to see."

"Will you go," ask'd the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain from the leafless grove
Responded, "wherever your lot is cast,
Mid sunny skies, or the wintry blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest, in this thicket here."

"I am ready to go," cried the plump young wren,
"From the hateful homes of these northern men,

My throat is sore, and my feet are blue,
I fear I have caught the consumption too ;"
And the Oriole told with a flashing eye,
How his plumage was spoil'd by the frosty sky.

Then up went the thrush, with a trumpet-call,
And the martins came forth from their box on the wall,
And the owlets peep'd out from their secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church tower,
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they,
And we saw the butterfly, cold as clay,
Not a berry is found on the russet plains,
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains,
Every worm is hid, shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with famine, away ! away !"

But what a strange clamor on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke !
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators stared to hear,
Their own true echoes, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, through the fathomless depth of air ;
Who maketh their course to the tropics bright ?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight ?
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way,
By the stars at night, and the cloud by day ?

The Indian fig with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in, to its vistas green,
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the burst of their revelry,
And the bulbul starts, 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers ! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray ;
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again with your glancing wing,
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.



THE HUNTER AND THE RHINOCEROS.

The Hunter.

HUNTING wild beasts is an exciting and sometimes a dangerous kind of sport. Men have always been very fond of it, and boys early learn to love it. You recollect, I suppose, reading in your Bibles, about Nimrod, the mighty hunter. He was the first of whom we have any account, and he must have been well known in his time, or the writers of the Bible would not have been at the trouble to tell us about him. Well, there have been a great many "Nimrods" since then—many mighty hunters, who have not been afraid of the fiercest animals. We have accounts of many adventures which have befallen them, and sometimes accounts of their being killed. You see something of the kind in this picture. There is a large black animal, with very ugly-looking horns, chasing the hunter, who, as his good luck would have it, is mounted upon a very fine horse. This story is about Mr. CUMMINGS, who had many narrow escapes while hunting the fierce wild animals of Africa. He says, in giving an account of it, that he went out to hunt one day, and had proceeded about two miles with large herds of game on every side, when he observed a crusty-looking old black Rhinoceros, cocking his ears, about one hundred yards in advance. He had not observed us; and soon after he walked slowly toward us, and stood broadside to, eating some wait-a-bit thorns within fifty yards of me. I fired from my saddle, and sent a bullet in behind his shoulder, upon which he rushed forward about one hundred yards in tremendous consternation, blowing like a grampus, and then stood looking about him. Pres-

ently he made off. I followed, but found it hard to come up with him. When I overtook him I saw the blood running freely from his wound.

The chase led through a large herd of blue wildebeests, zebras, and springboks, which gazed at us in utter amazement. At length I fired my second barrel, but my horse was fidgety, and I missed. I continued riding alongside of him, expecting in my ignorance that at length he would come to bay, which rhinoceroses never do; when suddenly he fell flat on his broadside on the ground, but, recovering his feet, resumed his course as if nothing had happened. Becoming at last annoyed at the length of the chase, as I wished to keep my horses fresh for the elephants, and being indifferent whether I got the rhinoceros or not, as I observed that his horn was completely worn down with age and the violence of his disposition, I determined to bring matters to a crisis; so, spurring my horse, I dashed ahead, and rode right in his path. Upon this the hideous monster instantly charged me in the most resolute manner, blowing loudly through his nostrils; and, although I quickly wheeled about to my left, he followed me at a furious pace for several hundred yards, with his horrid horny snout within a few yards of my horse's tail. It was certainly a very near thing; my horse was extremely afraid, and exerted his utmost energies on the occasion. The rhinoceros, however, wheeled about, and continued his former course; and I, being perfectly satisfied with the interview which I had already enjoyed with him, had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance any further, and accordingly made for camp.

The Ticking Watch.

"H, papa," said Frederick, dancing into the room, and gazing with smiling looks on something he held in his hand: "it is a watch; it is a real true watch; for hark! it ticks! Yes it ticks! it ticks!" continued the delighted boy, applying it to his ear, and jumping still higher. "Only listen, papa," said he, climbing upon his father's knee and holding the watch to his ear, "tick, tick, tick! Do you not hear it?"

"Yes, I hear it," answered papa, "but what is all this? where did you get it?"

"Pull out your own watch, papa," said Frederick, too busy to answer questions, "and let me see if they are both alike."

Out came papa's watch, and the little boy, holding one in one hand, and the other in the other hand, began to compare them. "Yes, they are both alike; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve figures in each. It is half-past eleven o'clock by yours, and it is three quarters of an hour past eleven by mine. Look, is that not right?"

"It is, my boy."

"I can see my face in yours, and you may see your face in mine—they shine so bright! only yours is yellow, papa, and mine is white; how is that?"

"Yours is silver, and mine is gold," answered papa.

"Well, then, I am a man now. But I must tell you how I have gained the watch, for I am sure you must be surprised;" and here Frederick strutted across the room with all the consequence a boy feels when first he wears this favorite and useful ornament.

His papa confessed he was a little curious to learn how he became possessed of so

valuable a present, and listened, with great pleasure, to the following account:

Frederick was passing a lane near his house, when he saw a boy treating a poor loaded horse with wanton cruelty, goading his sides with a sharp stick, and beating him about the head. Frederick was shocked, and civilly entreated him to desist: but the boy, without making any reply but a grin, only belabored the poor beast with greater violence.

Frederick, enraged at his cruelty, raised his voice, and commanded him to leave off, or he would call his father, who would see him punished.

"You would gain nothing by that, little master," replied Tom Wilson, "for I would beat him worse another time."

This answer stung the generous Frederick to the quick. "You are a cruel boy," cried he, "and deserve to be well beaten yourself."

"Not by you," answered Tom, with a sneer; "I think I could soon manage such a stripling as you are."

"Stripling!" repeated Frederick, and he drew himself up, as if to add to his stature; "little as you may think I am, I have a better spirit than to ill use a helpless animal."

"I should like to try your spirit," said Tom, with a provoking smile; "so, young gentleman, if you have a mind for the trial, take off your coat, and let us see who has most spirit."

Tom Wilson was a coward; but he knew himself to be much stronger than Frederick, and therefore would willingly have fought him, secure of not being beaten; but our little friend, though not wanting in proper courage, had no desire to settle the dispute by a brutal contest,

which he had been taught to despise as a low and cruel custom. Tom, whose rough nature had not been softened by care and instruction, could not believe a boy who refused to fight possessed true courage; and concluding the other was afraid of him, used every provoking effort to rouse the anger of Frederick, but although his temper was a little ruffled, the prudent boy had forbearance, and did not allow Tom's insults to make him forget the commands of his parents. At this moment, the poor horse, who had been at liberty during the debate, trotted on a few paces; a freedom that renewed his master's anger, who, running after him, raised his stick to strike him with violence; but the frightened animal quickened his steps so as to escape the blow; and Tom, in his effort, fell at full length on the road, with his face against a sharp stone. All his courage vanished when he beheld his own blood, as it streamed over his hand, which

he raised to the wound, and he shouted out with pain and terror. Frederick, kindly overlooking his late conduct, ran to assist him, and gave him his pocket handkerchief to bind up the wound.

The cruel are always selfish, and Tom eagerly accepted this kind offer, forgetting how little he deserved it. While thus employed, a gentleman turned into the lane, who was no other than Frederick's grandpapa: he had seen the whole affair from the opposite side of the hedge, and after commending the conduct of his grandson, he took Tom Wilson to task for the inhuman treatment of the poor horse, made him acknowledge the justice of his punishment, and promise, for the future, to treat the animal with kindness.

As a reward for Frederick's behavior on this occasion, his grandpapa gave him the real silver watch, which he showed with so much pleasure to his father.

[Selected.]

Editor's Table.

Autumn.

THE Autumn has almost passed. Its still and pleasant days will soon give place to rushing storms, as coming Winter throws his blustering mantle over the earth. And yet who cares? Let Winter come, and scowl, and storm. He who guides the storm, and who commands the seasons as they change, hath been most bountiful in his supply of all the various fruits of earth, so that come fair weather or storm we need not want.

Ah yes! dear readers, for us 't is so. We may be happy though Winter frowns; yet many, there are, from whose reach those comforts are removed: the poor and needy ones of earth.

Remember them, as you would be remembered were you they, and look with gratitude to Him whose bounty hath supplied your wants. We are sure we need not say more to the readers of the CASKET.

THE SCHOOLMATE.—We are much pleased with the plan of this periodical, intended as a magazine for children, and as a reading-book for schools. It is a valuable publication. It is published by GEORGE SAVAGE, 22 John st., New York. One dollar a year.

We see that our friends out west are driving business, in the way of publishing, on their

"own hook," and, considering all things, they make it go very well. The "Genius of Youth," is the title of one of their publications which we have received, and quite a pretty sheet it is; published monthly by Ross Alley, at Olean, Ia., at 15 cents a year.

THE LIFE BOAT.—We have received the back numbers of this interesting periodical, from the Canada side of the line, and can truly say that we were much pleased with them, as we doubt not all will be who will take the pains to subscribe for it. It is devoted, chiefly, to the interests of the Youth and temperance, and is well worth the price of its subscription. Published monthly at Montreal, Canada East, by F. W. Campbell. Price fifty cents a year.

SEE THE COVER.—We would be glad to have our friends read the prospectus for the second volume, which is on the cover of the present number, as we are now making arrangements for the coming year. We shall have more to say by-and-by.

FROM CORRESPONDENTS.—The following from HATTIE AUSTIN is quite acceptable, and in her approval of our nomination we have no doubt she writes the mind of the greatest part of the youth of our land. PETER PARLEY is a very benevolent old gentleman, and is beloved by at least one-half of the children in Christendom.

"DEAR MR. THORNE.—I am very much pleased with the October number of the CASKET. I am sure Peter Parley would make an excellent President. I have read a great many of his stories, and have been much amused with them.

I have found out the answers to the enigmas, and I will send them to you, with also a puzzle of my own.

The answer to the thirty-first enigma, is Queen Victoria; to the thirty-second, Horatio Nelson; to the thirty-third, Buffalo Christian Advocate. To the puzzle, Rattlesnake."

ENIGMA NO. XXXIV.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 11, 6, 16 4, is the name of a coin. My 1, 4, 6, 15, 9, is something that has great power. My 8, 10, 14, 6, 7, is a river in the old world. My 12, 3, 7, 2, 16, is a county in my 2, 5, 13, 2. My 11, 10, 14, 15, 7, is what boys ought not to use. My whole is the name of a steamboat running on Lake Erie.

WILLIAM.

ENIGMA NO. XXXV.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 8, 5, 6, is an animal. My 10, 5, 12, is a tree, and the name of a street in Buffalo. My 3, 5, 6, is what we all do. My 10, 5, 6, 13, is a feed for horses. My 2, 5, 6, is a covering for the head. My 9, 10, 11, 12, is what most men do. My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is what we all drink. My whole is indispensable for the convenience of large cities.

JOHN M. PEABODY.

ENIGMA NO. XXXVI.

I am composed of 11 letters. My 2, 3, 4, is a boy's name. My 4, 2, 3, is something we all inhale. My 6, 7, 9, is a kind of bird. My 1, 4, 5, is a kind of meat. My 9, 7, 8, is something used about coats. My 9, 10, 5, is a boy's nickname. My 5, 4, 2, 11, is the name of a street in Buffalo. My whole is the name of a distinguished man in Buffalo.

J. M. P.

ENIGMA NO. XXXVII.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 13, 2, 8, is an article of dress. My 8, 7, 2, 6, is a much prized fruit. My 2, 8, 7, is an amusing animal. My 6, 2, 12, 11, is a peculiar kind of vehicle. My 7, 2, 6, is a part of the body. My 6, 7, 2, 1, an act from which we derive great pleasure. My 8, 2, 12, 11, is a vessel to hold water. My 8, 12, 4, 11, is something which we always take unwillingly. My whole, is a paper published in a city west of New York

PUZZLE NO. III

My 1st is found in Texas. My 2nd in Ohio. My 3d in Maine. My 4th in Michigan. My 5th in Delaware. My 6th in Massachusetts. My 7th in Arkansas. My 8th in Vermont. My 9th in North Carolina. My whole I like very much.

HATTIE AUSTIN.